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The True and Remarkable

LIFE

And extraordinary

ADVENTURES

OF THAT UNFORTUNATE YOUNG WOMAN

SARAH CHANDLER,

Hanged on Wednesday last before the Debtors Door, Newgate,  
for robbing her Master's House of a Quantity of

DIAMONDS.



Printed in Newcastle



LIFE AND ADVENTURES  
OF  
SARAH CHAVDLER.



**T**HIS unfortunate young woman, Sarah Chandler, was born near Rumford, in Essex, about the year 1772, and lived with her parents, who were hard working people till she was able to get her own maintenance when she went out to service, and after living in several places, with a fair and honest character, she became acquainted with William Lee, an Irishman, who was waiter at gaming house.

This unfortunate connection was the beginning of her destruction, for proving weak child, she was under the necessity of quitting her service, when Lee took a lodging for her and she passed for his wife.

She continued in this situation till after

had lain in some time, when they put the child out to nurse, and she again went out to service, and got to live with Mr Dingwall, an eminent diamond jeweller, at the court end of the town.

When she had been in this place about six weeks, Mr Dingwall went out about eight in the evening, and left her to take care of the house; but in his absence, assisted by Lee, she absconded, taking with her diamonds to the value of sixteen hundred pounds.

Lee went over to Ireland, and offering some of the diamonds for sale, was taken into custody, brought over to England, tried, and hanged last April.

She still continued at liberty, notwithstanding a great reward was offered for apprehending her, and it is an absolute fact, that dressed in man's apparel, she was in the gallery at the Lord's house in the Old Bailey, to hear the trial of Lee, her unfortunate companion.

Thus with a daring intrepidity far superior to the generality of her sex, did she face that danger, which a person might imagine she could have most shunned.

But those who commit dishonest actions are ever in danger, and justice, though sometimes slow, is generally sure.

The officers belonging to Bow-street got information of her lodging, and went about three o'clock in the morning, and found her in bed

with a man's shirt on, and man's apparel in a chair by the bed-side.

Searching a box, which she owned was hers, they found a shoe, and in it several valuable diamond articles, which Mr Dingwall, who was present, knew to be part of the property he was plundered of.

When brought to her trial she behaved with great boldness, claimed some money and other things which were taken from her when she was apprehended, and refused to plead until they were delivered.

But the court informed her, that if she obstinately persisted in standing mute, sentence of death would be pronounced upon her, upon which she pleaded, and was convicted of the clearest evidence.

During the short time she lay under sentence of death she behaved in a decent manner, becoming her awful situation, but seemed more to regret the misfortunes of Lee than her own. She also appeared much distressed at parting from her infant, and leaving it a helpless orphan, exposed to the miseries of a troubled world.

On the morning of execution she rose at an early hour, prayed with the greatest devotion, and taking a little refreshment, prepared for the awful scene in which she was to take so melancholy a part. She dressed herself in a long white bedgown, trimmed with black



uze, and in her cap had a mourning ribbon. She appeared calm and resigned; but requesting to see her infant child, the sight of it greatly discomposed her, and when she was under the necessity of parting with it; it threw her to the greatest agony. Kissing it a thousand times, and washing its tender face with tears, she fell upon her knees, and in the most earnest and devout manner, prayed the Lord to shower down his blessings upon her child, whilst the poor infant, too young to bear a part in the sorrowful scene, smiled with the beauty of innocence in its wretched mother's face.

The sight was so affecting, that it drew tears from all who beheld it.

A considerable time elapsed before she recovered, but again appearing calm and resigned, she was tied in the usual manuea, and brought out upon the scaffold, and attended by a Roman Catholick priest.

After praying with the greatest fervency the scaffold sunk, and she was launched into eternity, in the presence of a numerous and pitying croud of spectators.

*Her dying Declaration,**Delivered by her to a Friend, on the Mornings of  
Execution, and published at her Request.*

## GOOD PEOPLE,

**Y**OU are here assembled to see the untimely and shocking end of an unfortunate young woman, only twenty-four years of age, a sight which I hope will deter you from committing dishonest actions, and be a warning to all, but particularly to servants. I acknowledge my guilt, and die an unworthy member of the church of Rome, hoping for pardon and remission of sins by the crucifixion and death of Jesus Christ, and the intercession of the Virgin Mary, and the Saints. I pray for every blessing to attend my poor child, thus bereft of its father and mother in so untimely a manner. And to those who shall befriend it, may God repay them and theirs ten-fold. So desiring the prayers of all good Catholicks, I take my leave of this sinful world.

Sarah Chandler's Lamentation and Fare-  
well to the World.

O tender mothers all draw near,  
My dismal story for to hear,  
Sarah Chandler in my name,  
I'mn's alas! to die in shame;  
As I now lament and say,  
My fall, ye young women all;—well a day!—

William Lee he was the man  
Who did my youthful heart trepan,  
O love, by him, I was beguil'd,  
In the end I prov'd with child.

O tender babe put out to nurse,  
My actions then grew worse and worse,  
On my master diamonds stole,  
O Lord have mercy on my soul!

And condemn'd, my death draws near,  
My child shed many a tear,  
O pretty babe it smiles on me,  
But not its mother's misery.

O child to thee I birth have given,  
I save thee to the charge of heaven,  
O cautious smiles they cannot save,  
O wretched mother from the grave.

O, think, ye tender mothers all,  
O woe upon me now doth fall,  
O my tender infant dear,  
O yes they are too severe.

## *Her dying Declaration,*

*Delivered by her to a Friend, on the Morning of Execution, and published at her Request.*

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**Y**OU are here assembled to see the untimely and shocking end of an unfortunate young woman, only twenty-four years of age, a sight which I hope will deter you from committing dishonest actions, and be a warning to all, but particularly so to servants. I acknowledge my guilt, and die an unworthy member of the church of Rome, hoping for pardon and remission of sins by the crucifixion and death of Jesus Christ, and the intercession of the Virgin Mary, and the Saints. I pray for every blessing to attend my poor child, thus bereft of its father and mother in so untimely a manner. And to those who shall befriend it, may God repay them and theirs ten-fold. So desiring the prayers of all good Catholics, I take my leave of this sinful world.



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And condemn'd, my death draws near,  
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But not its mother's misery.

Child to thee I birth have given,  
Leave thee to the charge of heaven,  
Cautious smiles they cannot save,  
Wretched mother from the grave.

Think, ye tender mothers all,  
Woe upon me now doth fall,  
O my tender infant dear,  
Lies they are too severe.

Let as God, enthron'd on high,  
 In my baby cast an eye,  
 Of pity shield it from distress,  
 That it may live thy name to bless.

Behold, behold, the sacrifice come,  
 And I must go to meet my doom,  
 Once more let me my babe embrace,  
 With tears bedew its meek face.

Take, take my blessing ere I go,  
 'Tis all thy mother can bestow,  
 May't thou be rear'd to serve the Lord,  
 And heaven at last be thy reward.

I now am ready, then she said,  
 Drest all in white to death was led,  
 A shocking sight it was to see,  
 So young a woman at the tree.

She did behave both meek and mild,  
 Yet all her thoughts ran on her child,  
 Before the scaffold it did fall,  
 Her blessings on it she did call.

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Let as God, enthrone him high,  
 On my baby cast an eye,  
 Of pity shield it from distress,  
 That it may live thy name to bless.

Behold, behold, the sheriffs come,  
 And I must go to meet my doom,  
 Once more let me my babe embrace,  
 With tears bedew its pretty face.

Take, take my blessing ere I go,  
 'Tis all thy mother can bestow,  
 May't thou be reared to serve the Lord,  
 And heaven at last be thy reward.

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